

Italy. Ciconia is as rapid in the change of his style and dress as in his conceptions. White hats are at Milan the rage, which Ciconia introduced. He appeared the last day on the Corso in a black one. This formed the subject of the afternoon's conversation at all the cafes and circles. The dandies are numerous and splendid : Italians, Austrians, Hungarians j mustaches of all colours and descriptions.

From Milan the travellers proceeded to Brescia and thence by Desenzano, ' where we breakfasted on delicious trout on the banks of the Lago di Garda and opposite to the villa of Catullus' to Verona.

To Isaac D'Israeli.¹

Verona is full of pictures which have never been painted. Every step excites emotion and gives rise to unaffected reflection. In the course of a short stroll, you may pass by a Roman amphitheatre, still used, then the castle of some petty prince of the Middle Ages, and while you are contrasting the sublime elevation of antiquity with the heterogeneous palace of a Scaliger your eyes light on a gate of Oriental appearance and fantastic ornament erected by the Venetians when they were the conquerors of the most fertile district of Northern Italy. Memorials of this wonderful people are constantly before you. In the market place rises a lofty pillar which evidently once bore some sculptured burden. Ask, it was the winged Lion of St. Mark. Stand in the Piazza dei Signori at Verona. There is the palace of the Council of Sansovino — on another hill is a Saracenic palace, once an office of Venetian administration, three or four perspectives are afforded by various arches which open into streets or other piazzas, and a magnificent tower rises from a corner. The illusion is perfect, the eye rests with pain on the passing citizens in their modern costumes; you look for black velvets and gold chains, white feathers and red stockings. . . .

Prom Verona through a beautiful country, where the vine is married to the mulberry, we travelled to Vicenza. The famous Palladian palaces are in decay. They are built of brick, sometimes plastered, occasionally *whitewashed*; the red material is constantly appearing and vies in hideous color

¹ The descriptions now begin to lag so much, behind the journey that we only reach Venice in a letter written from Florence; and I have omitted the date-lines where they might mislead or confuse.